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## THE CHRONICLE.

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## MISCELLANY.

### Original Novellette.

[Written for the Clarksville Chronicle.]

## IDA HOLMES, OR THE Belle of the Fort.

BY R. J. THOMAS.

Author of the "Young Colonel," the "Refugees,"  
"Lilly Dale," the "Convent Prisoner,"  
"Jane Manton," the "Bride of  
an Hour," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER XI.

BEFORE sunrise our little party were all astir, and eager to be in motion. Ida arose much refreshed, and, though feeble, was in good spirits, and laughed, as she was wont to do, when Wilmer tendered her the use of a neat comb and brush—articles she had not seen since the day she left the fort. The business of the toilet dispatched, she was summoned to the homely, but abundant fare, from the Hermit's store, and for the first time, in her life, she realized the fact that circumstances may impart to the plainest food a relish greater than that of the daintiest feast, when feasting is the daily habit.

But time was pressing, and the men soon left Ida alone, and betook themselves to the task of saddling the horses, and securing the surplus rifles upon the mustangs, so recently the property of the three Indians, whose lifeless forms had been removed some distance, the night before, in deference to Ida's feelings. Wilmer led Ida's horse to the side of the fallen tree, from which she reached, with ease, her seat in the saddle, and then turning to Gen. Holmes, he said:

"If you think, sir, that your escort is sufficient to ensure your safe return, I would like to go forward further into the Indian territory."

"Mr. Wilmer," said the General, earnestly, "I owe you more than I can ever hope to repay; you have saved my life and rescued my daughter from a captivity, compared with which, death were a blessing. How then can I ask you to add another to these obligations—enhanced in value, as they are, by the knowledge that they have been conferred in requital of injustice? No sir, make no further sacrifice for us; but accept the assurance that, should it ever be in my power to serve you, I will do it at the hazard of my life."

"I believe it, sir," Wilmer replied. "But the question is not whether I shall make a sacrifice—for that is a small matter, but whether you and your daughter will be better satisfied with, than without me. I have an important duty to discharge, it is true; but a delay of a few days is nothing compared with your safety."

"Then go with us, Mr. Wilmer!" said Ida. "Like my father, I dislike to trespass further upon your time, after all you have done for us; but we know not these men; they have betrayed their companions, and may betray us. You, too, know the country, and under your guidance, I, at least, will feel a security that must be exchanged for distrust, in your absence."

The manner, more than the words, influenced Wilmer; and as he gazed upon her face, with its heightened color, and read the language of her pleading eyes, his course was shaped, and he avowed his purpose not to quit her until her safety was ensured. He mounted his horse; and was about to leave the lady in charge of her father, when the General remarked to him that he desired to converse with the Hermit, and would leave Ida under his care. This mark of confidence made Ida's heart beat with a warmer glow; but Wilmer, more practical, if not as impulsive and credulous, saw in the conduct of the General a manifestation of gratitude rather than a change of purpose or opinion; and acknowledging, by a bow, his sense of the obligation, rode by Ida's side, preceded by Gen. Holmes and the Hermit, and followed by Mike Sloan and Joe Sullivan, who were requested to keep a sharp look-out for the first signs of approaching danger.

"There's no danger now," said Mike; for I heard them deserters from the fort a month or three hours ago; and the damned fools took the back track, and of a force is a coming out far to recapture the General and his sister, they'll meet, sure, and

be tuck prisoners. Howson ever, its no harm to watch, for the red skins is onartin, 'specially them thievin Camanches what rides like they grewed to their horses."

"What does he mean by a force coming to our relief, Mr. Wilmer?" Asked Ida.

"The soldiers who deserted," was the reply; "report that Major Dade was preparing to leave the fort with a company in pursuit of the Indians by whom you were captured, and if so, we shall meet them, probably in a few hours, as they could not be far behind when the rascals came to a halt last night. Should we meet them, Miss Holmes, you will have an escort ample for your protection, and my services will no longer be needed."

"And are you anxious to be relieved, sir?" she asked, with an expression of regret and disappointment.

"By no means! But I am anxious to relieve your father, whose gratitude is struggling with his prejudices at this moment. I know his feelings towards me, and regret that he knows so little of my character, as to believe me capable of an attempt to do him a wrong. But I trust the time is not distant when I shall be able to disabuse him of his error, and take a stand as his equal in birth and fortune. Pardon my speaking so plainly, Miss Holmes; and whilst I would not forget that he is your father, I am truly solicitous that you shall not imbibe his prejudices."

"And is this the sole reason, Mr. Wilmer, why you are so anxious to leave us?—I mean my father's prejudice?"

"No, Miss Holmes, that is not the sole reason. And that you may understand the motives by which I am influenced, I must state that, five years ago, two ladies—both very dear to me—were taken prisoners by the Indians, and I have reason to believe they are alive and in the power of Tatunkah. To liberate them is the dearest wish of my heart, and I had set out for that purpose, when I heard of your misfortune and hastened to your relief."

Wilmer did not see the polor which overspread the cheeks of his fair companion, whilst he spoke, nor the burning blush which succeeded it, nor the struggle it cost her to subdue the feelings which she would not, for the world, have betrayed to him, nor the slight tremor of her voice, as she replied:

"I knew not, Mr. Wilmer, the powerful inducements held out to you to leave us, or believe me, I would not have been so selfish as to insist upon your company on our return; but it is not yet too late to repair the mischief—so let me persuade you to depart, at once, upon your noble mission. I can sympathize with the unhappy captives, and it were cruel to postpone the hour of their deliverance."

"I thank you, Miss Holmes, for your generous sympathy, and the remembrance of it will serve to nerve my arm for the task before me; but I cannot leave you until you are again in the fort, or under the protection of a sufficient escort."

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed eagerly; "it will be better for you to accompany us until we meet Maj. Dade, and I know my father will permit a part of the force to accompany you in your perilous undertaking. To go alone, is like seeking death—the very idea of it is painful." And again she blushed at the impetuosity of her feelings; but could not restrain them, and concluded by saying:—"Promise me, Mr. Wilmer, that you will not go alone!"

For the first time, the idea suggested itself to Wilmer, that he possessed a hold upon Ida's affections he had not suspected, and, involuntarily, his eyes sought hers for confirmation of the suspicion; but, as involuntarily, she looked down, as if to avoid the scrutiny, and he saw only the flushing cheek, and the hand raised, seemingly, to adjust her curls, though, in truth, to conceal the tell-tale blush. He did not prolong the look of enquiry, but hastened to reply:

"Were I to make that promise, Miss Holmes, it would compel me to abandon my purpose, or result fatally to those whom I would serve. The appearance of an armed force would be the signal for their murder; and it is only by stratagem that their deliverance can be effected. Since the day I became a free man, my purpose has been fixed to save them or perish in the attempt."

"And should you succeed," she said, "I hope you will bring them to the fort—it would give me great pleasure to make their acquaintance, and to lead them all the assistance in my power."

"The invitation is a kind one, Miss Holmes, and highly appreciated; but my reminiscences of the past are not of so pleasurable a character as to draw me strongly to that point; and should we ever meet again, it will probably be in New Orleans, and, perhaps under a different name from that which you now bear."

She blushed as she answered: "You allude to my cousin Edward, sir, I presume. A report has been circulated to the effect that we are to be married; but it is without foundation, I assure you. And if appearances are to be relied upon, you will be the first to enter the holy state of matrimony."

"I hope not," he replied. "My prospects for such a change are gloomy indeed—so much so, that I dare not indulge a hope."

"Well, her heart must be cold, indeed, sir, if it can not feel all the warmth of the most devoted love for one who is about to hazard his life for her sake."

"She may have a father," he replied, with an arch smile, "who thinks such a marriage would disgrace his daughter. Would you, in such a case, blame her?"

Ida was painfully embarrassed by this remark, and dared not venture a reply, lest she might betray her consciousness of its fit application to herself. It was a random remark, however, and would never have been made could he have fore-known that Gen. Holmes had said as much to his daughter, by way of rebuking her supposed predilection for him. She feared that Wilmer had, by some means, heard of her father's objection, and, if so, he must know, too, that it was her supposed love for him that called forth the utterance of that objection. She felt humbled by the reflection, yet saw the impropriety of saying anything that might lead him to believe he had guessed the truth, when his remark might, in reality, have been purely a supposition.

"Mrs. and Miss Elmore—the ladies of whom I spoke—have neither husband nor father," He continued by way of relieving her embarrassment; "and I hope you will pardon me for supposing a case, and asking your opinion upon it. To you, alone, have I mentioned their names, and freely would I disclose to you their history and my connection with them, but for the fact that I have vowed silence upon both points until they are restored to their home and their rights. The day is not distant I hope, when I shall have the pleasure of introducing them to you, and if you are still—but no matter—I am growing garrulous."

"Nay! Mr. Wilmer, I insist on your finishing the sentence."

"Excuse me," he replied. "I was going to say something imprudent, and wholly unauthorized by existing circumstances. Should we meet again, it may be entirely proper to explain what I was going to say, or such a change may have been wrought in our relative positions as to make it, then as it is now, improper."

Before Ida could reply, her father fell back, and enquired whether she felt fatigued by her morning's ride, and if she did not desire to halt for awhile. To both questions, she gave an answer in the negative. They had ridden about twelve miles; but so interesting, to Ida, was the conversation, of which we have recorded a few remarks, only, that she was not conscious of the lapse of time, nor of the speed with which they had traversed prairie and woodland. The point they had reached, was an elevated one, and commanded an extensive view in every direction; and during the halt occasioned by the General's conference with Ida, Wilmer had time to use his pocket spy-glass in a survey of the surrounding country.

"What do you see, Mr. Wilmer?" Asked Gen. Holmes, who had remarked the steadiness with which the glass had rested upon two particular points.

"I see," he replied, "in front of us, Maj. Dade with a company of about fifty men, moving briskly in this direction; and away off to the right, a large band of Indians, going East—the first about two miles distant; the latter, perhaps, double that distance."

"Then, let us hasten to meet our friends!" exclaimed the General, with exultation in tone and look. And leading the way, at a brisk pace, some twenty minutes found the two parties exchanging joyful greetings, and none more heartily than between Wilmer and Maj. Dade. The horses were permitted to graze, whilst the whole party, congregated in the shade, and in separate groups, interchanged questions and answers. Ida's was the only sad face, and as this was attributed to indisposition and fatigue, it attracted no special attention—indeed, she was not noticed, after the exchange of salutations, her father being earnestly engrossed with Maj. Dade, and the soldiers listening to the exaggerated accounts of his own prowess as fluently detailed by Mike Sloan. She was reclining against the body of a tree, in deep thought, when she was aroused by Wilmer, who invited her to walk to a spring near at hand.

"We shall part here, Miss Holmes," he remarked, when they had reached the little fountain that bubbled up at the base of a hillock, "and as my fate is uncertain, I wish to entrust to your keeping these two minutes. This is the likeness of the young lady of whom I am going in search, and this is my own likeness, intended to be given in exchange. Should I be killed

they would fall into the hands of savages, if still in my possession, and if I escape, they can be reclaimed. But, if it be my fate never to return, send the lady's miniature to this address, and mine—will you keep it in remembrance of me?"

"I will!" she answered, with an effort to choke back the tears that were already trickling from her long lashes.

"Then let us say farewell, here, Miss Holmes!" And he extended his hand, in which she laid hers, with a look that encouraged a tenderer parting—at least he thought so—and clasping her in his arms, his lips, for a moment, touched hers, and gently disengaging himself, and waving her arm, as a signal for him to leave, she seated herself upon the turf and buried her face in her hands.

### CHAPTER XII.

WILMER returned to the party, and announced his purpose to leave at once. In vain, Gen. Holmes and Maj. Dade begged him to return to the fort, promising that he should not only be reinstated, but promoted. He thanked them for their kind wishes, but told them his connection with the army had ceased for ever. He bade them all an affectionate adieu, except the Hermit, and turning to shake hands with him, saw him, at a short distance, hastily saddling his horse and kindly admonishing Mike Sloan to join the army and amend his ways. In reply to Wilmer's question, whether he did not intend to accompany the little army on its return, he replied:

"No, my young friend! Where you go, I will go also; if I can not serve, I will not embarrass you. So say no more about it—my mind is made up."

Wilmer thanked him by a silent pressure of the hand, and they mounted their horses, when Mike went up to Wilmer and said, in a low tone:

"I'd go too, sir, if you'd let me; but kin do you more good by hangin round bout here. That ar gal, what's crying at the spring, aint safe yit. Do you know one Capt. Fritz, sir?"

"Certainly!" Wilmer answered with evident interest.

"Well, he's the Captain of them deserters, and he's gone back to 'ards the fort, and I'm goin to watch 'em, and ef he does any devilry agin that gal, I'll foller 'im to the end of the world. I hates the damned scamp, and ef he dont look out, I'll hav his skelp yit."

"Well, Mike, I am going towards the Red River village, and if anything should happen, you will know pretty well where to find me; and, depend upon it, your services shall be well rewarded. Good-bye."

He rode rapidly away, as if anxious to lose sight of those he left behind him, and the Hermit was by his side, resolutely bent upon sharing all the perils of the adventure. With the best wishes for their safety and success, we leave them for the present, and accompany the weeping maiden whose unsolicited heart she had—unwisely given away. But hope rarely deserts the most wretched, and as she gazed upon his miniature, and remembered his acts, his looks, his words, hope whispered that her love was not unreturned, and fancy fashioned the theory that he was engaged to another, and his honor bound him to fulfil that engagement; but that his love might be hers. Could she but know this to be the case, she thought she could calmly resign him and live content with the knowledge that his heart was hers, though his hand was another's.

Fancy sometimes plays wild freaks with maidens' hearts, and, aided by hope, rears castles in the air beneath whose crumbling ruins are buried blighted prospects and withered affections—leaving nothing to live for, in the future, and nothing, in the past, for memory to look back upon, but the grave of happiness. Fortunately however, such instances are the exceptions to the general rule—ladies' hearts being, with an occasional exception, too elastic to break under any weight Cupid can apply; and the mischief-loving elf, being too shrewd to shiver his playthings, permits them throw off the weight of disappointment that he may renew his game—Whether Ida's heart was of the elastic kind, that can love for a week, grieve for an hour, and then love again, or was of a material from which an impression can not be obliterated without destroying the whole texture, is a question that her biographer can not decide, with the lights now before him. Suffice it to say, for the present, she was unhappy, and suffered none the less from feeling the necessity for hiding her grief from prying eyes. She dried her tears, and placing the miniature near her heart, rejoined her father.

Scarcely had she placed herself by the General's side, and answered a question or two propounded by Maj. Dade, in reference to her health, when a horseman was seen approaching from the direction of the fort, and before conversation could settle

his identity, Edward Holmes alighted in their midst. He was a young man of prepossessing appearance; but his face indicated a kindly nature rather than strength of intellect or decision of character, and the warmth with which he greeted his uncle and cousin, left no doubt of his love for one, and respect for the other.

Ida, whose hapless fate it was, to be embarrassed when self-possession was most needed, blushed and stammered, and thus left an impression upon the mind of her cousin-lover, the reverse of that which she desired to make; and even Maj. Dade sighed as he thought he had at last learned who was his successful rival. The General, too, was an interested spectator of the meeting; but his daughter's embarrassment did not deceive him, though he could not repress the dawning hope that Edward's presence would work a change in her heart.

But time was fleeting, and Gen. Holmes gave orders for immediate preparations to resume their journey, then turning to Mike Sloan, he thus addressed him:

Well, Mr. Sloan, you and your friend, Mr. Sullivan, have placed me under heavy obligations by the timely assistance you rendered my daughter and myself, and I am most anxious to repay them. Will you go with us to the fort, that I may have an opportunity to do so?"

"Me and Joe's been a talkin, Giner'l, 'bout what we'd do next, and haint adzactly greed yit. As far the matter of obligations, Mr. Wilmer's the chap what's titled to 'em all—he done all what was done, cepin the rifles Joe and me tuck from them deserters, and that wont much, fur they wouldnt a show'd fight no how."

"But Mr. Wilmer will not accept anything in return for his services, and I am willing to pay you for your good intentions, even if you did nothing. I would like to enlist you, or give you employment as scouts."

"We'd suffocate in the fort, Giner'l; but ef you'll set us to watchin red skins we mought do sumthin in that ar line, bein as how we're used to it."

"Very well," said Gen. Holmes. "You may follow the band of Indians we saw this morning, and find out where they are going, and for what purpose. You shall receive the regular pay for such service, and Maj. Dade will furnish you with powder and lead, if you need any."

"We've nuff of that, sir, what we tuck from the red skins and the deserters; but ef the Major's got any lickor to fill our flasks, we'll trouble him fur a leetle of that—cold water dont gree with my stomick 'thout sumthin too take the chill off'n it."

Mike's demand was complied with, and the two parties soon separated—their courses lying at right angles to each other. Maj. Dade took his place at the head of the column; and the General, wishing to converse with him, rode by his side, leaving Ida and Edward to bring up the rear, taking the precaution, however, to detail two of the soldiers as moving sentinels on either side of the main body.

Ida was exceedingly nervous, and, solicitous to stave off the subject which she readily perceived was uppermost in her cousin's mind, and plied him with question after question about home affairs, such as deaths and marriages of absent friends—city fashions and city scandal—everything, in short, about which a lady might be curious, after an absence from home of more than six months, and in a place so secluded from the world. But she could not keep up the game for ever, and, laughing at her inordinate inquisitiveness, she became silent.

"Have you any more questions to put?" He asked, while joining her in the laugh.

"Not unless you will give me a little time to think, Edward. But I have a favor to ask," she continued—calling up all her powers of self-control—"and that is, that you will dismiss all grave subjects, for the present. I have been quite sick, and the trials through which I have passed, have left me nervous and weak."

Had she thought for months, she could not have devised a better mode of defeating her own purpose than the one she adopted for its accomplishment—it gave him the advantage of a beginning point, and he immediately said:

"Then, I may infer from your request, that Mr. Wilmer delivered my letter according to promise, though I feared he might intentionally forget it."

"You do him injustice, Edward, if you believe him capable of failing to fulfil a promise—he is too generous and noble to stoop to any such meanness."

"He is happy, at any rate, Ida, in having so earnest a defender."

"I always defend the absent," she replied, "when truth will permit me to do so; and never assail them, unless justice demands it."

"I stand corrected, fair cousin, and somewhat sternly rebuked for a remark designed more as a compliment to your character than as an accusation against Mr. Wilmer, in the estimate of whose character,

I fully concur with you—then he did deliver my letter!"

"Yes, he did, and I am truly sorry that I had no opportunity to answer it."

"Nay, Ida, there is no cause for regret, at least so far I am concerned, for it will give me more pleasure to receive an answer from your lips than your pen."

"And that without reference to the character of the answer?" She asked, meeting his eye with a look of regret.

"But you haven't told me how you came to be in this wild region!"

"I learned what had happened to you," he replied, "as soon as I reached the fort, and learning, too, that Maj. Dade had been gone but a few hours, I immediately set out in pursuit, and the result you know. And now, Ida, explain what you mean by your remark about the character of your answer."

"Let us drop that subject, Edward, until we reach the fort."

"And why drop it, Ida? You know what has brought me from New Orleans, and you know the grounds upon which I rest my hope that I have not come in vain. You can not have forgotten your promise to love me always, nor can you be unmindful that I have lived upon that promise, cherishing the hope of its fulfilment as the sole security for my future happiness. Then why this desire to avoid the subject, when you have had such ample time to prepare for it?"

"Edward!" She replied gravely, "we have been raised as brother and sister, and as a sister I have loved you, and love you still; and when I made the promise of which you speak, my age ought to have been a sufficient assurance that I dreamed not of pledging you the love of a wife, nor had I the remotest suspicion that you so construed it. I have no brother, unless you will permit me still to look upon you as such, and you have no sister unless you consent that I may still stand in that relation to you. We were happy as children, in each other's love, let us still be happy, united by the same tie."

"And is this to be the end of my long cherished hopes?" He exclaimed, with emotion. "Ida, what can have wrought so great a change in you?"

"There is no change in me, my dear Edward! I love you now, as I have ever loved you; and it pains me deeply to know that you have mistaken the nature of that love. Not for the world would I distress you, did I not know that a compliance with your wishes must end in misery to both, you are young, wealthy and amiable and the love you ask of me will readily be accorded to you by some one more worthy than I. Then let me still be your sister, and do you forget that you ever wished me to be anything more."

"Ida, I see it all now,—you love another, and my hopes are blighted for ever. I have but dreamed of happiness to awake to a life of misery."

She was moved, even to tears, by his distress; but feeling her inability to comfort him, was silent. Modesty forbade her acknowledgement of love for a man who had never breathed a syllable of love for her; and yet her integrity forbade the denial of a charge which she keenly felt to be true. Mutually suffering, they rode in silence, for a considerable distance, when Ida said abruptly:

"Edward, let us make a compromise!"

"I can not conceive," he replied; "what you mean by a compromise of a matter that can be settled in but two ways—one of which you have already chosen. But I am ready to hear your proposition."

"It is this; if you will agree to press this subject no further, for the present, I will agree to return with you to New Orleans, with a solemn promise to become your wife whenever you succeed in convincing me that it will be for our mutual happiness. You shall have every reasonable opportunity, and I will even strive to make my feelings accord with yours."

"I accept the proposition," he said, "with no great confidence that it will insure to my benefit, but because it inspires a hope, which is sunshine compared with the gloom already thickening around my heart."

With this understanding they pursued their journey; and as nothing of interest transpired, we shall not trouble the reader with its details. Suffice it to say, they arrived safely at the fort, and were welcomed with open arms by its anxious occupants. Bell Brown, sincerely penitent, wept in Ida's arms, and confessed, and obtained, pardon for her sins—promising never to offend again.

### TO BE CONTINUED.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, who writes himself "A European," says that the secrets of the attempts made upon the life of the French Emperor by Italians, is that Louis Napoleon, while a wanderer, was a sworn member of a secret society known as the Carbonari. This society never forgives a renegade member, and Louis Napoleon has been tried by the chiefs of the society, formally condemned to death, and received notice of the decree which surely awaits him.

THE TREE STYLE OF HOOPS.—A lady in the Newburyport Herald says: "So, we will say a few words on hoops. Don't call us a bear, fair readers, nor throw away this paper in disgust, for we are not about to join our brother knights of the quill in their crusade against crinolines; but, Don Quixote like, we will espouse the cause of distressed damsels, though we 'face a frowning world.' We hereby add an article to our confession of faith. We believe in hoops. Mind, we say hoops, plural number."

Deliver us from that abominable, single, hoghead hoop, which many ladies wear about knee high, showing its entire shape, through a single flimsy skirt, dragging down by its weight the dress to the shape of a cone, while the part of the skirt below the hoops, flaps, winds and reefs around it in every wind that blows. Not much improvement is the addition of one or two other hoops, unless they are graduated in size according to the height of the wearer, and covered by sufficient skirts to hide the skeleton, than which nothing could be more hideous, unless it was a veritable skeleton from the graveyard."

"The only skirt that looks uniformly graceful, is that made of a series of rattans, whalebone or brass hoops, extending from the waist to the feet, gradually increasing in size with that graceful swell that gives to the dress its airy contour of a blue-bell; preserving that golden mien in regard to circumference that modesty and good taste will ever dictate. The hoops in this skirt should be so near together that they will lose their individuality, and 'make no sign' underneath the thinnest summer dress; for herein lies the advantage and whole philosophy of the hoop movement, inasmuch as it allows one skirt to give that fullness and grace which has hitherto been attainable only by a half dozen."

After all, the genuine crinoline is the thing, which, as its name imports, is a kind of hair cloth, which by its own innate virtue, without the aid of hoops, will preserve its elasticity and inflated character without the awkwardness that at times is inseparable from its humble imitator.—The expense is the only objection to its general adoption, which, for the ladies' sake, we hope may soon be removed.

We recommend the following simple puzzle, from the Augusta Dispatch, to the notice of our delinquent subscribers:

MR. EDITOR:—Will any of your numerous subscribers solve the accompanying puzzle in plain English, for the Dispatch?

I  
F Y  
O U O  
W E F  
O U R  
P A P  
E R  
Y U

PETRIFIED.—In removing some bodies from an old grave-yard in Allentown, Pa., recently, two bodies were found to be petrified—one perfectly and the other partly so. The one was found to be almost as perfect as it appeared in life, but turned into a solid stone. It had been buried 14 years.

A young Miss, in Manchester, while skating the other day, broke through the ice into twelve feet water. Her hoops skirts made a wide ring on the ice and buoyed her up until she was rescued.—While in this midway predicament, the fair skater must have been cold in the extreme.—Exchange.

Don't know about her being cold "in the extreme," but she certainly must have experienced a cooling sensation from the waist down.—Hickman Times.

At a fashionable city party—low necked dresses a prominent feature—Miss B—addressed her country cousin:

"Cousin Sam, did you ever see such a glorious sight before?"

"Never, since I was weaned!" said Sam, blushing.

A young lady is supposed to be to blame for the following:

What did the cat say, as she looked out of the window when the Ark got aground? "Is that 'ar a rat'?"

"I say Pat, what are you about—sweeping out the room?" "No," answers Pat, "I am sweeping out the dirt, and leaving the room."

The sun is called masculine, from its supporting and sustaining the moon, and finding her the wherewithal to shine always as she does of a night, and from his being obliged to keep such a family of stars. The moon is feminine, because she is constantly changing. The church is feminine, because she is married to the State; and time is masculine, because he is trifled with by the ladies.—Punch.

"If 'm not at home from the party to-night at ten o'clock," said a husband to his better half, "don't wait for me."

"That I won't," said the lady significantly, "I won't wait, but I'll come for you." He returned at ten precisely.

"I believe," said a tall representative, "that I am one of the tallest members of the House." "Yes," added a fellow representative, "and the slimmest, too."

"Do try to talk a little common sense," said a lady to her visitor. "Oh! but wouldn't that be taking an unfair advantage of you?"

HOW TO BUILD A CHIMNEY.—"It's aisy enough," said Pat, "to build a chimney—you would one brick up, and set another under it."